MY LOVE AND I.

I watched the vessel from the shore, Which from my arms my treasure bore, Until my tear-dimmed eye
No longer could its passage trace,
Or mark the still increasing space
Divide my love and I.

Then to my lone and silent hearth.
Which echoes to no sound of mirth
I turn my steps again.
To wait till 'cross the stormy sea
The first gird till ings come to me,
Welcome as summer's rain.

And months go by—I watch and dream,
For hope has dawned with brightest gleam.
To tell of coming bliss,
When my weak arms again infold
My treasure as in days of old,
And I no joy shall miss.

I watch no more for whitening sails Borne enward by propitious gales, To bring the wand'rer home, Across the broad and restless sea That bore my love away from me, No tender missives come.

Oh Beulah land, that lies so far Beyond the ken of world or star, And yet so wondrous near, Where my beloved doth abide; And yet how often to my side He comes, my soul to cheer.

Not ocean depths, or trackless plain Can the freed spirit now detain; Neither can mountains high. Death, like an angel pure and bright, With magic touch, did but unite Once more my love and I. —Mrs. C. A. K. Poore, in Good Housekeeping.

GOOD AND BAD OMENS.

An Old Soldier's War Experience With Them.

We all know that sailors believe in omens, and shape their lives as far as possible so as to get the benefit of good ones and escape the bad, but I never knew that soldiers were equally superstitiousthat is, I never knew it till two or three winters ago, when I was "snowed in' at a little town in Iowa called Storm Prairie. The adventure may not be worth mentioning, except as evidence that the human mind is awed by strange coincidences, and that soldiers believe in signs and portents just as sailors do. I got up that morning, and looked out storm on the prairie was raving mad.
You could actually see the wind, or jine my company. He was good stock, rather winds, for there were eight or sound hickory, clar through to the heart ten of them together, racing, wrestling, jumping and dancing over the prairie in supernatural revelry. You could literally see them take hold of one another and waltz. The music, mostly in a weird and plaintive minor key, was furnished by an æolian harp of a million strings—a hundred miles or so of timber that fringed the Des Moines liver in the distance. The staccato em-phasis made by the jostling of the winds against each other was like the firing of guns. I never attended such an exciting concert and ball as that, neither

the blizzard season will tell you that men can see it just as well as pigs. When the mercury gets down to about messee. ing, you can see the wind plainer than to be killed, and that I wasn't. When at any other time. The storm I speak he gave me the pipe, he says: 'Captain, of has become historic among traveling

I am a traveling man myself. I whirl around this globe for a Chicago house, and that is how I was corraled at Storm Prairie by this memorable blizzard. I was on my regular voyage, outward bound. After a hearty breakfast, good ham, fresh eggs, reliable butter and sure-enough cream, I went over to the railroad station to get the latitude and longitude, and to take an observation. The station agent, who was also telegraph operator, told me that the storm was general throughout the Northwest, and that all railroad travel was indefinitely postponed The philosophy of our craft is this: When it blows to let it blow, and when it snows to let it snow. The telegraph was working yet, and, sending home what few orders I had and the information that I was snowed in at Storm Prairie, I went back to the tavern to look after my inalienable right to life, liberty and the "pursuit of hap-

When I got back I found half-a-dozen tellow-citizens already in possession of the available assets of the bar-room stove. It was a big stove, red-hot in places, and those red spots served as targets for the citizens to spit at as they smoked their pipes and compared this blizzard with the blizzard of '76, or '72, or '69, or whenever it was, while one white-bearded patriarch sneered con-temptuously at them all. They were mere zephyrs, he said, compared with the blizzard of 1856, "when we had to chop whis y with a hatchet, same as ice.

whole front of the stove was preempted by that venerable figure, who might be sixty-two years old, or thereabouts. He was a large, ruddy, and very solid man, with a fearless face and a clear eye. He said "thar" and "yana clear eye. He said "thar" and yander" and "right smart." He also "reckoned" and "allowed." They called
him Major, which I thought was one of
h that suspicion I was wrong, for the old man had actually been a Major in the army during the war. He embraced the red-hot stove with his legs in a very affectionate way, and they extended quite a distance down the right and left sides of it. He was the richest man in the country, as I afterward learned, having taken up a "claim" in the early y, which was now a big stock farm, a

day, which was now a big stock farm, a splendid grove of timber, a water-power. a saw-mill, a grist-mill, and town property. He was also vice-president of the First National bank of Storm Prairie.

The Major's name was Joseph Mee.
According to his own autobiography, revised and corrected, he was born and raised in Injianny, in what he called "the brush." Schools were few, and the school term short in the brush when he was a boy. The only desirable thing that the major lacked was "eddication." A little, a very little reading and writ-A little, a very little reading and writing was all the "larnin' " that ever fell to Joe. Sensitive on this point, ne used to offset the disadvantage as well as he could by pretending to possess natural qualities of a high order, such as hard qualities of a high order, such as hard sense, physical strength, wrestling power, great memory, skill with the rifle, or the axe, or the scythe. He was

ments valuable on the "frontier."

From the very beginning Joe Mee had balanced his want of education by a claim to soldierly provess and skill. He always asserted that there was a military strain running through his family for generations back; and though he offered no proof of it, his claim was always allowed. Whenever the Indians were troublesome and the neighbors would organize a company to defend would organize a company to defend the settlement Joe was always chosen Captain. His great stature and his rifle talent, no doubt, had much to do with the choice, but his military claims had weight in the selection. "I've no eddication, boys," he used to say, "but when it comes to military duty. Joe is thar." As he always made his boast in velvet."

ful of cigars and said: "Would any gentlemen join me in smoking a good

ican flag. This patriotic pipe was very called it. Which done, I kissed the old black with service, especially the eagle's almanac, and sat down to view the pan-

"I prefer the pipe to-day."
As the Major repeated his refusal he blew three strong clouds of smoke into the air, one from each nostril and the other from his mouth. I saw that by long practice he had acquired peculiar skill in twisting his lips and modulating his breath so as to form the smoke into the shape of rings, flights of stairs, flocks of sheep, and other curious

formations. "You prefer something stronger flavored than a mild eigar," said I, for it was easy to see from the age and color of the pipe that the taste of it must be very pungent and high-seasoned.
"Not that," said the Major; "old

"Had it for a long time, I suppose,

in signs and portents just as sailors do.
Storm Prairie is well named. It lies in the center of the blizzard region. When of '61, after the Missouri campaign. It was a present from Peaceful Miller, that of the tavern window, I saw that the Grove—a wild, harm-scarum chap that of the tree. He was a corporal and a sergeant, and by the time we got to Ben-ton barracks Peaceful was First Lieutenant of the company. His correct front name on the muster-roll was Pacificus, an onnateral name given him by his parents as a punishmant for a habit he had of holding his breath when he got mad. But the boys all called him Peaceful for short. No fight was too hot nor no march too hard for him. I believe that Peaceful would have dropped dead on the road afore he d a citing concert and ball as that, neither before nor since.

Naturalists maintain that only pigs can see the wind, but people who have traveled through lowa and Nebraska in that day; for, mind you, Peaceful Miller was as heavy a loss to exceed Miller was a sheavy a loss to exceed Miller was the control of the cont

> "Peaceful always knew that he to be killed, and that I wasn't. When I want you to smoke this pipe for luck all through the war; and I want you to smoke it in your old age in remem-brance of me.' I pretended not to notice it, but I saw an omen and a prophecy in them words as plain as I could see the pipe."
>
> "Only a fancy, Major," I said.

"There was nothing remarkable in those words. I don't see any connection between them and the event-no evidence of any premonition." "You mean the omen?"

"No; I don't see that that makes any

difference. "I do. I never had much book larn in', but I can hear voices in the air as well as the schoolmaster himself. own opinion is that it was the fates that spoke, and Peaceful Miller was only the medium of news from destiny to men: same as the prophets were. God speaks through his prophets to-day, just as He ever did. I believe too, that the very same fates made that, pipe a charm for me, and, out of respect for Peaceful, granted his wish that I should smoke it in old age. Provided, mind you, provided, that I didn't lose it. If I lost it, the charm was gone, and I was just as liable to be killed as anybody, wasn't I?

marked for sacrifice was the good omen that saved me, wasn't it?" The old man had grown more and more animated as he spoke. He had removed the pipe from his mouth and used it as a wand to emphasize his words. His eyes beamed with a strange spirituality. He had found, or thought he had, another compensation for his ends, rough hew them how we will." As he had asked a question, I answered it as best I could, somewhat timidly, for I felt that I was touching a sensitive spot. I said that a belief in omens was superstition, and that he had no evi-

dence that the loss of his pipe would have made any difference in the result.

"Evidence enough. Thar was the rain dripped through the roof of the gift of the pipe; that was the remarks. I was in the same battles that Peaceful was in. He was killed. I wasn't, and I am a-smoking the pipe in my old age. If you can explain those things on any worldly principle, you have the floor to

The Major began to smoke again Wishing to bring him back to earth once more, I said in a frivolous way: "I do not claim the floor. The honorable member will proceed."

"Lieutenant,' I says, 'I thank you for the pipe, and if I'm spared will do as again. 'What,' says I, 'the Governor of you request, but I'm an older man than you by twenty years, and I hope that you will survive me, as you are entitled to do."

"What did he say to that?"
"Well, he just laid his left hand on

At this point the old man took a long pull at the pipe, and from that one whill he fired six cannon-shots from his lips,

point. "You said you preferred the pipe to-day. Don't you smoke it every

day?"
"No. Only on battle anniversaries and the Fourth of July. All the rest of the year it sleeps in the bureau wrapped

thar." As he always made his boast good, and always drove the Indians back to the reservation, why. Captain he arways was. It is not surprising, then, that when the young men "all along the creek" enlisted in 1861 Joe Mee was elected captain of that company.

They were all smoking pipes when I went in, and wishing to make myself sociable with everybody, as the custom is in our profession, I held out a handful of cipars and said: "Would any wife remembers them all. She's the best almanac that I know of, and she never makes a mistake."

"What battle-day is this?"

"What battle-day is this?"

"What battle-day is this?" have an almanae at home that never fails to remind me when they come. My wife remembers them all. She's the

"Well, I reckon I should ha' forgot it gentlemen join me in smoking a good cigar?"

They all would, with pleasure, and they did—all except the Major. He said: "Thanks, young man. I prefer the pipe to-day."

It was a macrophagum pipe of curious the pipe to-day."

It was a meerschaum pipe of curious workmanship. The butt of it was carved into the shape of an eagle's claw, which grasped the bowl. It had a silver hid on which was engraved a soldier on horseback waving the American flag. This patriotic pipe was very ican flag.

oram'."
"What panoram'?" "The panoram" of the Fort Donelson fight. I can see it in the smoke from this magic pipe. You don't see it, I reckon. Sit here at my shoulder. Now look at the clouds between us and the window. Do you see the fort over thar, with the rebel flag on the top of it?"

"No. "Well, I allow you can see that stretch of timber whar the river winds along?'

"No. "Nor them ramparts, almost hid in the smoke from the heavy guns? Nor the charge of our brigade up the hill over thar upon the left? Nor the sol-diers falling all around? Nor Peaceful Miller a-choking of Ben Robert because he wanted to fall back? That tall, said I, in an interrogative way, for I straight, white-haired man over that on suspected the pipe had a history. the bay horse is General Charles F. Smith.

mith. You can see him?"
"No, I can see nothing."
"Well, I can see it all as plain as I

saw it then." The old warrior fired six more cannon shots from his mouth, and watched the white rings as before. When they had broken up into chaos, he held the pipe out at the height of his eye, and gazed upon it fondly as men sometimes gaze on a glass of wine. Then in a plaintive tone he said:

"It went all through the war with me, and done its duty well. It's on the retired list now, but comes out occasionally for dress parade. To-night it goes back into the drawer to sleep until the 6th of April, which I call St. Shi-

loh's day.

"And there again," he broke out vehemently, as if suddenly recollecting something, "and there again, if you don't believe in omens, what do you make of this? What do you make of this? coffin with a live man's name on it? "I don't make any thing of it. What omen is there in that?"

"Listen, while I tell you about a wounded in that battle by double shots that hit me in the shoulder and the head. It was just before our boys were forced back toward the river, whar they formed that 'last line' you've read about. I should have been gobbled right thar, pipe and all, if it hadn't been for Peaceful Miller and Dan McGinnis. Them two boys dragged me plum out of the enemy's hands, and sot me against the ambulance come along and carried me away."

"Nothing very portentous in all

that." "Wait a minute. I haven't come to "Well, suppose I was twice as old a the portentious part of it yet. After the man as he was, what would you say to battle I was sent home for repa rs with Wouldn't it be curious talk a good many hundreds more. I didn't get away until Saturday afternoon, when they took me down to Pittsburgh Landing, and put me on board the steamboat bound for Cairo. Are you listening? Well, just as I stepped on to the boat I saw four coffins on the deck, and being very weak from wounds, and also nervous; the sight of them coffins almost made me faint away."

"You don't look like a nervous nor like a man afraid of coffins.' "I don't claim I was ever afraid of coffins, especially then, when death was all around us, and in the very air; but I felt the chill dread that creeps over a man when the unseen hand touches him and calls his attention to some dark prophecy that other men can not see. It wasn't the coffins that effected me, The gift of the pipe from a man already but the name on the coffin lids. Every one of them bore these words: 'Governor Harvey, Madison, Wisconsin.' What startled me was to see coffins

marked with the name of a living man. "Of course, the sensation didn't last but a minute or so, for I soon saw thar was no omen in the inscription. I supposed that the Governor was at home Madison, and the explanation of his name on the coffins was easy enough. He had ordered the bodies of some dead friends to be sent home from the battleeld, and the rough outside coffins were simply directed to him. This was all natural enough, so I went to my stateroom and thought no more about it.

"The boat was to start at four o'clock in the afternoon, but thar was a good deal of delay for some reason or other, rain dripped through the roof of the boat into my berth. I went to the cap-tain, told him about it, and asked him to give me another berth, attention, now, and see how Pay mysterious fingers were weaving the web of destiny. 'I'm sorry,' says the captain, 'that I can not do any tetter for you, but I have only two empty state-rooms, and they are both engaged for the Governor of Wisconsin and his staff. He is now at Savannah, and I shall call for him as we go down. When he said that the chills crept over me

been at Pittsburgh landing for a couple of days, but I didn't know it. He had "What did he say to that?"

"Well, he just laid his left hand on my shoulder, and pointed with his right hand up to the sky. 'Can you read those stars?' he said. 'No,' I said, 'I can not see any stars.' 'Why not,' he says again. 'Because its a bright, sun-

all about horse constitution and anatomy. He could cure all the ills that horseflesh is he'r to. In short, he pretended to excel in all the accomplishments valuable on the "frontier."

shiny day,' I says. 'Just so,' he says, it if it hadn't been for the delay. He had four friends killed in the fight, Colonels and Majors, if I remember right, and he was taking their bodies home.

"Now, listen again; the web is almost wove. It must have been about eleven o'clock when we got down to Savannah. The night was black, the rain was falling, and the Tennessee rolled like a flood of ink to the sea. There was a wharf-boat, or another steamboat, at the levee, and we rounded up and went alongside.

As we came down I heard a man speak from the other boat in a loud, emphatic voice: 'Here she is. Hurry up, hurry up.' I was standing on the guards look-ing at the scene by the wild glare of the pine torches which the negroes had light-ed on both bonts, and, whether it was that our bont rebounded when she bumped the other, or whether she hadn't got quite up to her, or whether the blaze of the torches dazzled him, I can not say; but I saw the man step between the two boats right into the river. I heard the splash, and saw him rise to the surface. ike a cork he was carried along for about the length of the boat, and was gone. Just then some gentlemen stepped on board our boat. One of them was addressed as 'Doctor,' and he was crying like a child. To him I said: 'Who was that man?' 'The Governor of Wisconsin,' said the doctor, and passed into the cabin. The web was wove; the omen had won. The careless prophecy of a bit of chalk was ful-filled." "You don't mean to say that chalk-

ing the Governor's name on the coffin had any thing to do with the accident?" can only say to you what General Crocker used to say to me: Thar are more things in Heaven and earth, old

Ratio, than you ever dreamt of.' But I will say this. that I didn't feel right when I first saw the name thar; and I haven't felt right about it since. I wish it had never been wrote thar, that's all I say."—Brown Forester, in Chicago

FARM ANIMALS.

A Sensible Plea in Favor of the "General

I am not able to agree with much that is being written and published in favor of the position that it is absurd and ridiculous to attempt to breed any class of animals for more than one purpose. Especial argument, ridicule and sarcasm have been directed against efforts to secure a good degree of merit as beef-makers and milk-givers in any breed of cows. None the less do I believe that it is desirable and practicable to secure this result; that for a large percentage of the United States cows of this class-"general-purpose" cows, if you please-would be better adapted than those with marked excellence for one purpose, coupled with inferiority for the other; and that there are vast numbers of cows which do combine in a satisfactory degree good size, form and aptitude to lay on flesh, with ability to give a good quantity of good milk. I

have seen many such cows.

Beef-making and milk-giving are natural functions of the cow. It is not contrary to the principles of breeding and is in accord with experience that these functions should be well developed in the same animal. It is unusual to find them both developed to a remarkable degree. In regard to these qualities, as well as to many others, the breeder may make his choice between efforts to reach remarkable excellence in one point or a fair degree of merit in two or more. It is clearly true that

in many cases the latter effort is the miraculous warning that came from the other shore. You've heard of Shiloh? Of course, of course, Well, I was Urging all breeders to select some demand for animals so developedfor horses with special fitness for heavy especially fitted for beef or for milk; for production; but the largest numper of users of either class desire more than one purpose. The horse best suited to the needs of farmers generally, or for most business purposes, is neither a heavy draught nor a typical roadster, and so of the other classes of animals, even to the hog, in breeding is which too exclusive attention may be given to early maturity or to ability to

lay on flesh. Aside from the farmers who keep cattle with almost sole reference to beef-making, and the special dairymen, there is a vast number who know what they are about when they insist on having cattle satisfactory, both as meat makers and milk givers. Unquestionably its merit in this double capacity has been a great cause of the widespread popularity of the short-horn both in Great Britain and in this country. It is amazing that men will continue to deny or ignore the fact that there are many thousands of pure-bred or high-grade short-horn cows which are in a satisfactory degree, what it is denied there can possibly be, good general-purpose cows. There are many short-horn cows that are not goo milkers, many that are not good animals, and many that are both. The same is true in son.e herds of cattle of a number of other breeds. On the University Farm there is to-day abundant proof of this fact as to short-horns. Of two Hereford cows one is a good milker, the other not: a half-blood is vell above the average. There is a half-blood Holstein steer, weighing over 1,650 pounds at 28 months, and a beef animal of superior quality; a pure Ayrshire steer quite satisfactory in beef merit.

I recognize fully the marked differences in the adaptations of different breeds and of different animals belonging to the same breed, but dissent from always unwise to secure development in more than one direction in one breed or -Prof. E. G. Morrow, in one animal. Rural New Yorker.

A Pernicious Practice.

The common practice of leaving a broad row of weeds along the fences of the meadow is not to be recommended, on the contrary, it is to be most strongly reprobated as being wasteful, unsightly and disgraceful. A clean meadow is pleasing sight to see, and one that makes a farm attractive. A neat farmer has his fields bordered by a broad band of grass, upon which the teams turn when plowing, and which is mown for hay, and regularly dressed with manure when the other part of the field is. This is turning land to good use that would otherwise be wasted, and is a most convenient practice. It gives a passage for the norses and reaper and keeps the farm free from weeds, besides affording two or three cuttings of hay every year.

When a man wants to find fault he -When a man wants of all his time will do so if he has to spend all his time FALL MANURING.

In Excellent Time for Applying Fertiliz

A great mistake is made by many farmers in the use of manure in the fall by leaving it in heaps in the field until it can be spread over the land. It is quite common to see these manure heaps thus lying for months exposed to the weather. This is a great waste. The rain washes the soluble part of the heaps into the soil, and this portion of it is of far the greatest value, what is left being bereft of almost all its fertilizing elements. Consequently a few spots of the field are made exceedingly rich while all the rest is scarcely manured at all. The wheat or rye in the manured places is too rank, and will fall down and yield nothing, while the remainder is starved for want of food. Thus the crop is damaged instead of benefited and the land is no better than before. In spreading manure for the wheat

crop it is convenient to drop it in small heaps, as by this means it can be measured out accurately over the land. But it should be scattered as it is dropped. There is no extra expense or loss of time about this, for it must be done some time, and there is a great gain, as has been shown in doing it at the right time. There is no loss in spreading manure over the land at any time if is scattered evenly, or with due regard to the needs of the land. There is often a marked difference in the quality of ad any thing to do with the accident?" the land in the same field, for various "I don't say it, for I don't know it. I reasons, and this should be taken into account in the manuring. The less fertile portions of the land should be brought up gradually by giving them more manure than the remainder until the soil is of even quality all through.

Manure that is exposed to the weather loses its soluble substance and when it is not spread where it is to be finally used. When heaped in yards it loses fully one-fourth of its value in three months, the greatest part of the loss being in the nitrogen, which is changed into nitric acid or ammonia, and either is washed out by the rains or escapes is washed out by the rains or escapes into the atmosphere. There is also a loss of the inorganic portions of it, chiefly the potash, which is washed out by the rain as it is developed by the decomposition of the organic matter. When the manure is spread on the fields no waste occurs, at least when it is spread evenly, because every thing is spread evenly, because every thing goes into the soil, where it does the most good and where it is wanted. Many farmers, knowing this and having opportunities to do so, spread the manure as it is made on the fields, and thus use it with the greatest economy.

But is it evident that the common prac-

tice of top dressing wheat fields in the winter is not a desirable practice and that the manure is far more beneficial to the crop, and far more economically used when it is used in the fall. When the land is frozen it can not absorb anything because the water which may fall upon the surface flows off at once and necessarily carries off everything which is held in it in solution. Hence there is much loss of valuable matter caused by the washing of manure that is spread in the winter, and the common practice of top dressing grain fields at that season is not to be commended.

In the fall use of manure it is by far

the best way to plow it in the soil; not

to bury it completely but to lap it in be-tween the furrow slices from the top to the bottom of them. It is then completely mixed with the soil by subsequent harrowing, and can be quickly reached by the roots of the young plants. Moreover, the inert plant food in it is very rapidly developed by the active oxidation of the organic matter ure and tillage. Porous substances have the power of causing the oxygen of the draught, or for fast trotting; for cattle air to act with exceedingly rapid effect upon carbonaceous substances. This is sheep remarkably developed in the shown by the very common spontane-way of either mutton or wool ous combustion of saw-dust, cotton waste, woolen rags and similar substances which are saturated with oil; the animals reasonably well adapted for oxygen is condensed in the interestices of the porous matter and so rapidly oxidizes it that it heats and finally in flames. Precisely a similar action takes place in porous mellow soil, and the manure in it is quickly decomposed, (decomposition is a slow combustion, and noth ing less or more,) and brought into a useful condition for the plants to feed upon. Hence the fall is an excellent time for applying manure to the soil and plowing it in and distributing it by harrowing, and the more the soil is pul verized the better results are secured for

PICKING UP A TORPEDO. The Somewhat Hazardous Occupation

I was among others detailed from the Federal steamer Monongahela to search the Red river between the Tensar and the Mississippi for the torpedoes which had been planted by the Confederates before our fleet appeared in those waters. These torpedoes were of all makes, shapes and sizes, from a pork barrel half-full of powder, to be fired by electricity from the shore, to a glass demijohn holding ten pounds and to be exploded by contact. Some were on the surface, some just under it and some on the bottom. We went out in gangs of four in row-boats to hunt for these terrifiers, each boat being pro-vided with grapnels, nets, boat-hooks and whatever else was needed for fishing up the monsters. We had to go slow and exercise great caution, for the channel was tortuous and no one could guess at what point we would come across a torpedo. While the woods were shelled two or three times a day by our gunboats, the Confederate swampcats were by no means driven out. They had every chance to secrete themselves along the banks, and we realized that if we came upon an electric tor-pedo which could be exploded from the shore we ran every risk of being blown

sky-high. We had been at work three or four days and had fished up seven or eight ugly-looking fellows, when we got into a part of the channel which ran within fifty feet of the right hand bank. Just at this time a colored man who had been lying out in the swamps for sev-eral weeks waiting for his deliverance informed us that he had observed men planting something in this bend about two weeks before. He thought there were wires leading from it to the swamp, but we scouted about for a couple of hours without being able to find that such was the case. The bank was a dense jungle in which a thousand men could have concealed themselves and the gunboats could not shell it from the posi-

tion they had taken.
It was about an hour after dinner that we moved up and began grappling in the bend. The boat in which I was stationed turned her bow down stream, above age we blame both parties."

threw over her grapnels, and two men used the oars to give her headway. We had not pulled fifty feet when the irons took hold, and drew the boat back to the spot by means of the rope. Then, standing on the seat in the stern, I lifted at the obstruction, and it came slowly up. It had just appeared at the surface sufficient for me to make out that it was a boiler-iron to make out that it was a boiler-iron torpedo when there came an awful explosion. At the same instant our boat was lifted high in the air and broken to pieces, and I scarcely comprehended what had occurred until I found myself in the water at least two hundred feet below the point of explosion. My hair, whiskers and eyebrows were badly singed, and my clothing was on fire as I came down after the flight. While I and escaped the other three men were

us and drowned one of her crew.

While swimming for this capsized boat a man stood on the bank of the river and fired four shots at me from a revolver, and with the fifth he killed the colored man who had given us information. The victim stood on the bank, about midway between the two boats, and was shot through the head. The torpedo was no doubt exploded by electricity, and the man who fired the shots was the operator who exploded it. - Cor. Detroit Free Press.

killed outright and horribly mangled, and the great wave created swamped the boat working a few hundred feet below

GOVERNMENT BALANCES.

Interesting Statements From the Books of the Register of the Treasury.

The statement of balances due to and from the United States from 1789 to June 30, 1885, on the books of the Register of the Treasury has just been printed. It shows that we owe small amounts to about seven hundred and fifty individuals, on account of "dece-dents' trust fund," aggregating \$50. dents' trust fund," aggregating \$50,-080,94. The "decedents' trust fund" is composed of the proceeds of the personal estate of American citizens who die aboard, leaving no legel representative, partner in trade or trustee, which the Consuls of the United States are required to transmit to the Treasury there to be held in trust for the lawful claimant. We also owe on account of "outstanding liabilities" \$569,408,51, but this is not an indebtedness in the same sense that the other is. When a draft is given to any one in liquidation of a debt due by the Government and it is not presented or paid within the space of three years, in order to close the account of the disbursing officer who drew it, the Treasurer is required to deposit the money which it represents in the Treasury to the credit of the person entitled to payment, and into an appropriation styled "outstanding liabilities." The balances due to and from the United States on the accounts of the various officers of the Government are clearly shown in the following recapitulation of the Reg-

35,969 1,104,641 12,877,964	09 72	772.50
1,104,641 12,877,964	72	56,951 8
12,877,964		A STATE OF STREET
and the second	53	98,988 2
986,257	59	126,326 1
603,914	53	14,969 8
3,523,919	04	10,681 48
3,443,100	86	6,648 3
1,814,342	91	20,229 0
321,329	91	274 7
82,968	15	1633 53
220,792	61	5,069 2
527,685	77	139 3
	603,914 3,523,919 3,443,100 1,814,342 321,329 82,968 220,792 527,685 21,800,194	603,914 53 3,523,919 04 3,443,100 86 1,814,342 91 321,329 94 82,968 15 220,792 61

-Washington Cor. N. Y. Post.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN. Early Promise of Talent Frequently Not Followed by Great Achievements.

The idea that genius reveals itself early in life does not at once recommend itself to common sense. Observation of nature as a whole suggests, first of all, perhaps that her choicer and more costly gifts are the result of a long process of preparation. And, however this may be, there is certainly more moral suggestiveness in the thought that intellectual distinction is the reward of strenuous adolescence and manhood than in the supposition that it can be reached by the stripling at a bound through sheer force of native talent. And it may not improbably have been a lively perception of this ethical signifi-cance which fostered in the classic mind so widespread a disbelief in early promises of great intellectual power. We find a typical expression of this sentiment in the saying of Quintilian: "Illud ingeniorum velut præcox genus non temere umquam pervenit ad fru-gem" That is to say, the early promise gem" That is to say, the early promise of talent is rarely followed by the fruit of great achievement. It is evident that this saying embodies something like a general theory of the relation between rank of talent and rate of development When superior intellectual ability shows itself at an early date it is of the sort that reaches its full stature early, and so never attains to the greatest height. On the other hand, genius of the finer order declares itself more slowly. In order to estimate the soundness of this view, two lines of inquiry would be necessary. We should need to ask, first of all, what proportion of those who had shown marked precocity have after-ward redeemed the promise of their youth; secondly, what number of those who have unquestionably obtained a place among the great were previously distinguished by precocity? lines of investigation are, however, in measure distinct. It may turn out that a large proportion of clever children never attain to any thing but to mediocrity in later life, and yet that the majority of great men have been re-markable as children. —Popular Science

Monthly. -One of the pastimes among the convicts that affords amusements to th "trusties" is for one of them to take a three or four-mile run early in the morning to keep the bloodhounds in training. The trusty is always per-fectly willing to make the race, and is paid for his trouble by the bosses. Lumpkin (Ga.) Independent.

-The following curious verdict rendered recently by a New York jury: "We Juory, Have come to an agreement that it was an accident, but if the said deceased is under 14 years of age we blame the firm, but if the deceased is PITH AND POINT.

—Speak of a man's eagle eye, and he'll give you his hand; mention his parrot nose, and he'll give you his fist.

—Portland Advertiser.

-"Were you ever in an engage-ment?" inquired an innocent rustic of a militiaman. "Yes, one," replied the son of Mars; "but she sued me for breach of promise."

—A professional maxim for lawyers: Whatever you do, do it with your might. Many a member of the profession has made his fortune by working with a

—A maiden lady says that if single life is bad, it stands to reason that double ife is twice as bad; but ladies rarely understand mathematics. - N. Y. Tele-

-Julian Hawthorne says that one day he wrote for twenty-six consecutive hours without pausing or rising from his chair. He must have got up two hours before day.—Norristown Herald.

The jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." His Honor said admon-ishingly to the prisoner: "After this you ought to keep away from bad company." "Yes, your Honor, you will not see me here again in a hurry."—Chicago pany. Tribune.

-"I am perfectly at home in the water," said an old toper as he plunged into the surf. "That is where you have the advantage over water," was the unfeeling remark of a bystander who knew him. -Boston Post.

-Miss Beauty: "That gentleman seems to know you." Miss Hightie: "Yes; did you ever see such impudence—he actually bowed." Miss Beauty:
"Have you never met him?" Miss
Hightie: "Only at Spirit Lake. I should think he might have sens enough to know that summer-resort engagements don't count town."—Des Moines (Ia.) Leader.

-Office boy (to editor): "There's a man outside who says he wants to pay some money." Editor: "Did he give his name?" Office boy: "No, sir." Editor: "Well, you find out his name and all about him and what he wants to pay money for, and then come and tell me before you let him in. In the glori-ous field of journalism, my boy, the prudent man will always be found on the safe side. - N. Y. Herald.

DIMPLES TO ORDER.

A Shop Where Ugly Women are Made Charming and Attractive

"Every one who desires beauty may possess it to a certain extent in these days of invention, said a curions little man who has a small workshop in one of the side streets up-town, where he carries on a rather peculiar and novel trade. "Noses are remodeled, fingers made to taper, insteps to arch, and my work, that of making dimples and long eyelashes, has added the finishing touches. A handsome face without a dimple is as lost to real beauty as a potato without salt is lost to taste. I have but recently set up my establishment here, but in the few months of my sojourn have transformed many a plain girl into a dimpled beauty and added eyelashes as long as an inch to the bare eyc-lids of a few others."

"Is the operation of having an artificial dimple made very painful?" quer-

ied a reporter.
'Yes, I should think so, because a piece of the flesh is taken right out of the chin or cheek, and that operation is not painless; but I have known girls to stand the operation without a murmur. when they would scream at the sight of a mouse, and faint if a spider touched them. Women will suffer a great deal of agony for the sake of beauty, and girl knows that a charming dimple will will also be a lasting beauty if it is only rightly made."

Just then a timid knock was heard on the door, and in walked a damsel of twenty, beautiful as Venus, with four or five of the loveliest dimples showing in her round cheeks and chin as she smiled prettily at the maker of these charms. surely she had not come for artificial dimples.

"I wanted to show you how well the dimples were getting on," she said, in a low tone. "You see, at first I thought that they could not possibly amount to any thing—They were so sore and looked so disagreeable; but now I think they are lovely," and she smiled at her own reflection in a large mirror oppo-site, and then smiled again with delight as the dimples came.

The dimple-maker made a careful examination of the little dimples, and after paying a bill of one hundred dollars cash the young lady departed. "How much do you charge to make a

dimple?" was asked.
"Well, that depends greatly on the person, whether the skin is tough and hard, and other accidents. My lowest charge for a single dimple is fifteen dol-lars, but when I make several on one face the bill is of course somewhat refluced. It takes about two weeks to make a proper dimple. First, I must get the cuticle in proper condition; get the cuticle in proper condition; then the operation, removing a part of the flesh and putting back the skin, is accomplished, and that is, of course, the most difficult part of the process. About ten days are required to completely heal the dimple, and during that time the patient must be very careful not to smile at all or the dimple may be entirely ruined." "What kind of people come to me to have dimples made?

"Every kind, almost, although you would not think so. I had a lady of forty-five here yesterday and she gave me an order for two dimples, one in the chin and one in her left cheek. She expects, I rather think, that they will aid her matrimonial prospects. Then I had a nurse-maid last week who paid me fifteen dollars for a handsome dimple in her left cheek. The majority of my patients are, however, young girls who consider themselves handsome, but not bewitching enough. I have had five men come to me for dimples, four wanting them in the chin and one in the not very often. I have refused to make dimples for two or three people in Paris because they had such tough skins, but Americans are more fortunate in that

As the reporter rose to go a young lady of handsome appearance entered the room. She had auburn hair, a snowy complexion, and would have been beautiful but that her blue eves were shaded by lashes almost white.

"I want to know," she said, "if I could have dark lashes put into my eye-lids in place of these?" "Yes, madam, I can do that," said the little dimplemaker, "but it will be a painful operation. The cost? Well,

one dollar for each eye-lash. I would not attempt to touch the under ones, but you can easily keep them darkened with a little charcoal."

The bargain was made, the young lady agreed to come next day for the operation, and left happy .- N. Y. Morn-